REMARKS

Upon Mr. *POPE's*

DUNCIAD.

Lately Publiſh'd,

GULLIVERIANA: Or, A Fourth Volume of Miſcellanies. Being a Sequel of the Three Volumes publiſh'd by *Pope* and *Swift*. To which is added, ALEXANDERIANA: Or, A Compariſon between the Eccleſiaſtical and Poetical *Pope*. And many Things in Verſe and Proſe relating to the latter. With an ample Preface; and a *Critique* on the Third Volume of Miſcellanies lately publiſh'd by thoſe two facetious Writers.

A SUPPLEMENT to the *Profund*. Containing ſeveral Examples, very proper to illuſtrate the Rules laid down in a late Treatiſe, called, The *Art of Sinking in Poetry*. Extracted from the Poetical Works of the ingenious Authors of that accurate Piece, and publiſhed for the Uſe of their Admirers. In Two Letters to a Friend.

De PROFUNDIS *Clamavi*. Popiſh Pſalm.

A COLLECTION of ſeveral Curious Pieces, lately inſerted in the *Daily Journal*; and among others, a Compleat LIST of the Royal Navy of *Great Britain*, *&c.*

REMARKS on Mr. *Pope's Rape of the Lock*. In ſeveral Letters to a Friend. With a Preface, occaſion'd by the late Treatiſe on the *Profund*, and the *Dunciad*. By Mr. *Dennis*.

REMARKS

UPON

Several Paſſages

IN THE

Preliminaries *to the* DUNCIAD,

Both of the

Quarto and the *Duodecimo* Edition.

AND UPON

Several Paſſages in *Pope*'s Preface to his Tranſlation of *Homer*'s *Iliad*.

In both which is ſhewn,

The AUTHOR's Want of Judgment.

WITH

ORIGINAL LETTERS from Sir *Richard Steele*, from the late Mr. *Gildon*, from Mr. *Jacob*, and from Mr. *Pope* himſelf,

Which ſhew the

Falſhood of the latter, his *Envy*, and his *Malice*.

By Mr. *DENNIS*.

LONDON:

Printed for H. WHITRIDGE, at the Corner of *Caſtle Alley* next the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*.

M.DCC.XXIX.

Advertiſement.

THE *Deſign of this Pamphlet is to ſhew*; *Firſt*, *That King* Tibbald *is juſtly depos'd from being King of Dunces, and Prince* Alexander *advanced to the Throne by Right Hereditary and Right of Merit.*

That King Tibbald *is incapacitated to hold an Empire of that unbounded Extent, by ſome unfortunate Qualities, as Learning, Judgment, Sagacity, and that Modeſty which always attends Merit.*

That Prince Alexander *is highly Qualify'd for that ſupream Office, by an*

an Impudence which always accompanies Stupidity, and an Ignorance as groſs as the old Egyptian *Darkneſs.*

That his Ignorance is ſhewn particularly by attacking ſeveral Perſons of a Hundred times greater Merit than himſelf; and who had given him no Provocation, but by ſurpaſſing him. And if Perſons muſt be Dunces who vaſtly ſurpaſs him, what muſt he be who is ſo vaſtly ſurpaſs'd? Surely of the Number of the Fools of Nature.

That his Ignorance in other Matters muſt be very wonderful, ſince it appears, that he is utterly ignorant of an Art, which he has profeſs'd all his Life-time, and that is of Poetry, and particularly Epick Poetry.

That this groſs Ignorance will appear by his Practice in the Beaſtly Dunciad,

And by his Speculations in the Preface to his Tranſlation of the Iliad,

And by his never having writ any thing that had either any moral Meaning,

ing, or any juſt Deſign; which has been often ſhewn.

That as he is ignorant of the Art of Poetry, and particularly of Epick Poetry, he is profoundly ignorant of Homer, *and* Virgil, *and* Boileau; *to which latter he very impudently compares himſelf, and more impudently prefers himſelf.*

That there are Ten important Differences, which diſtinguiſh Boileau *from him.*

Secondly, That as Prince Alexander *is qualify'd to be Sovereign Prince of Dunces, he is highly qualify'd to be King of Kn* ——; *there being no other Difference between the greateſt of Fools and the greateſt of Kn* ——, *than there is between High Probability and Matter of Fact; Reaſon and good Senſe being, next to Religion, the greateſt Reſtraints upon Mankind, and the pureſt Sources of Probity, Integrity, and Sincerity.*

That

Advertiſement.

That he is qualify'd for this important Office, is ſhewn,

By his unparallel'd Impudence. For as Modeſty, which is itſelf a moral Virtue, always accompanies the other Virtues; great Impudence always attends great Kn——ry; as villainous Calumnies, audacious Lyes, accuſing innocent Perſons of the Accuſer's Crimes, on purpoſe to make Men of Senſe look little to Fools, and ſhallow Knaves.

Divers of theſe Calumnies, and theſe infamous Falſhoods, are diſcover'd and expos'd in this Pamphlet, by ſeveral Original Letters, either atteſting undeniable Facts, or confounding impudent Calumnies.

REMARKS

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Upon Mr. *POPE's*

DUNCIAD.

To Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD.

SIR,

I HAVE lately read over the Two Letters which were writ by you, and publiſhed in the *Daily Journals*, and return you my hearty Thanks for the Pleaſure which I receiv'd from them. I obſerved in thoſe Letters an extraordinary Piece of Gratitude in you, in reſigning that Throne to *P.* to which he himſelf had advanced you, with Ten times more Goodneſs on his Side than Deſert on yours.

And it was no ſmall Satisfaction to me, to find that you were govern'd ſo entirely by Juſtice, as to part with an Empire of ſo unbounded an Extent, to one who had Right Divine to it, who had by Nature an Hereditary Indefeaſible Right to ſucceed *Tom D'Urfey* and *Settle*. One certain Sign of his being even born to be no leſs than abſolute Monarch of all the Dunces over the whole Face of the Earth, was his conferring that Title on you, who have unfortunate Qualities that are ſo incompatible with it, as Modeſty, Humanity, Diſcernment, Penetration, Sagacity, together with an uncommon Knowledge of Letters, and Skill in the learned Languages: Theſe are Talents which utterly unqualify you to govern a Generation of Mortals, who are not influenced by any of them, and who have not the leaſt Notion of ſome of them. Whereas *P.* has one Qualification alone, which gives him an indiſputable Right to wear the Imperial Crown of the Dunces; and that is, that ſoaring matchleſs Impudence, begot by Pride on Stupidity, which ſtrikes ſo ſtrongly on the outward Senſes, by which Dunces are entirely govern'd. Whereas Genius, and Wit, and Learning, and Truth, and Senſe, and Decorum, ſpeak forcibly only to the underſtanding Few, and have Power over them alone. That high and undaunted Aſſurance qualified him to ſet up for an Editor, in ſpite of Learning, or Art, or Nature, as you have ſo clearly

ſhewn;

ſhewn; and that qualified him to ſet up for a Verſifier, without Numbers; and for a Critick, without Taſte or Judgment; as I formerly ſhew'd ſo clearly: That ſoaring and matchleſs Impudence alſo gave him plenary Power, to throw out his Titles to the Right and the Left, without any Diſcernment or Diſtinction. So that Perſons whom God and Nature have plac'd immenſe Degrees above him, are dubb'd, by him, Fools, Blockheads, Dunces, and Scoundrels, according to his Sovereign Pleaſure; which puts me in mind of a little Gentleman, who was in the Court of one of our Kings, a Wit, juſt ſuch a Wit as Mr. *P.* is in the Reign of King *G.* II. This motley Gentleman was wont to ſalute every one whom he met in the Morning, with *Good-morrow, Brother Fool,* whether it was Biſhop or Archbiſhop, or Preſident of the Council, or Secretary of State, which often caus'd his lower Parts rudely to ſuffer for the Licentiouſneſs of the Parts above them. And I wiſh Mr. *P.* had been ſo happy as to take Warning by that Example:

Fælix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

It was long before I had the Happineſs to be acquainted with you, who were then very young, that I publiſh'd Remarks upon the Tranſlation of the *Iliad* of *Homer* by *P.* upon his *Windſor Foreſt,* writ in Envy of Sir

John Denham's Poem upon *Cooper*'s *Hill*; upon the infamous *Temple of Fame*, writ in Envy of *Chaucer*'s Poem upon the ſame Subject; and upon the Ode on *Cæcilia*'s Day, writ in Envy of Mr. *Dryden*'s Feaſt of *Alexander*; an Ode in which *P.* very wiſely pretends to ſhew the Power of Muſick, by the Story of *Orpheus*; that is, by an Allegory. For *Horace*, who may be allow'd to be a pretty good Judge of this Matter, tells us, that the whole Story of *Orpheus* is nothing but an Allegory:

Sylveſtres homines ſacer interpreſque Deorum
Cædibus, & victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus;
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rapidoſque leones.

And my Lord Chancellor *Bacon*, in his Treatiſe of the Wiſdom of the Antients, is of the ſame Opinion.

As I have lately peruſed all the 'foreſaid Remarks, and ſome of them after a very long Diſtance of Time from the firſt writing and publiſhing them; ſo that the warm and partial Conceit of an Author had been a long time extinguiſh'd: As I have not only done this, but conſulted likewiſe my ſincereſt and moſt judicious Friends, both they and I have found, that the Remarks which I ſubmitted to their Cenſure, were reaſonable, juſt, and ſolid, and conſequently that the Pieces on which they were writ, were infinitely below the Maſterpieces,

pieces, in Envy of which they were publiſhed by their ſcandalous Author.

Now, as *P.* apparently wrote the ſorefaid Pieces, in Envy to the Reputation of their celebrated Authors, neither you nor I can have any Reaſon to doubt, but that if thoſe Authors had been his Contemporaries, if Time and Death, and impartial Poſterity had not given a Sanction to their Writings, he would have put all of them into the Number of his Dunces. For either he muſt have reſolved to be a Foil to them, which his monſtrous and impudent Vanity will not let us ſuppoſe, or he muſt have believed that he could ſurpaſs them, and conſequently we muſt conclude, that inſtead of You, he would have placed *Dryden*, or *Denham*, or *Waller*, if they had been now alive, upon the Imperial Throne of his Dunces.

As in making theſe Remarks, I have endeavour'd to ſhew him an Author without Judgment, or without any thing of that good Senſe, which, if we will believe *Horace*, is the only Source of good Writing in Poetry:

Scribendi recte ſapere eſt & principium & fons;

Nay, without any Degree of reaſonable Meaning: I ſhall, in ſending you Remarks upon ſome of the proſaick Parts of the Edition of his late Rhapſody in *Quarto*, [for the Rhimes

by their own Vileneſs are ſecur'd from Criticiſm,] endeavour to lay before you, not only his utter Ignorance of the poetical Art, but his Malice, his Impudence, his Falſhood, and his want of Honour.

But now, Sir, to come to the Preliminaries before his Rhapſody, both that before the Volume in Twelves, and that before the other in *Quarto*: Oh, the Truth, the Wiſdom, the Modeſty, the Humility that there is to be found in both! As he formerly writ Rhimes in his own Commendation, and publiſh'd Mr. *Wycherley*'s Name to them, he has now been dabbling after the ſame Manner in Proſe. He has before each of theſe Volumes writ his own fulſome Panegyricks: And each of theſe fulſome Panegyricks is pretended to be writ by others, forſooth, without the leaſt Knowledge or Privacy of this modeſt Author. Now, Sir, either he imagines, that he can make the impartial World believe this, or he does not. If he does not imagine that he can impoſe this upon the ſenſible and impartial World, to what End or Purpoſe is this noble Fiction? Was it to convince his ſenſible Readers, that he can out-equivocate, and out-prevaricate the pontifical Scaramouchi, from whom he had his Education and Inſtruction? or was it contriv'd to make ſome Addition to the Hundred thouſand Fools, who, he ſays, already admire him? But if he does imagine that he can impoſe this Falſhood upon the ſenſible and impar-

tial

tial World, can there be a more certain Sign that he has made you an Uſurper, and plac'd you upon a Throne to which he himſelf has an indefeaſible Right? Was there ever ſuch an empty, ſuch an impudent Scribler? Did ever any fanatical *Ægyptian* of old offer more Incenſe to one of Pug's Anceſtors, than Pug has offer'd to himſelf, who is at once the Votary and the Prieſt, and a little mimicking, miſchievous, ludicrous God upon the Altar?

That he was the Author of both theſe Preliminaries, is not only a Truth that is in itſelf apparent, and that carries its own Evidence with it; but 'tis known to half the Town, that he carried or ſent both theſe Panegyricks to the Preſs himſelf. That the latter was printed by one *Wr — t*, who was formerly Operator to Alderman *B——*, and who lives in a Place call'd *Peter's Hill*, between *Doctors-Commons* and the *Thames*, a Place in which this Poetaſter exceedingly delights, becauſe he has in the Neighbourhood of it, like his Brother Proctor *John Littlewit*, *Addle-Hill* for his *Parnaſſus*, and *Puddle-Dock* for his *Hippocrene*; by drinking large Draughts of which latter, he was inſpir'd with that cleanly, that noble, that gallant Invention of *Fleet-Ditch*; an Invention ſo fit to entertain and charm the moſt delicate Perſons of both Sexes. Does not half the Town know, that honeſt *J. W.* was the only Dunce that was perſecuted and plagu'd by this

Impreſſion? that Twenty times the Rhapſodiſt alter'd every thing that he gave the Printer? and that Twenty times, *W.* in Rage and in Fury, threaten'd to turn the *Rhapſody* back upon the Rhapſodiſt's Hands?

Give me Leave, Sir, to ſay ſomething apart to each of theſe two Preliminaries, both to that in Twelves, and to that in *Quarto*. I ſhall begin with the former, which is ſuperſcrib'd, *The Publiſher to the Reader.* The firſt extraordinary Paragraph in it, has two general Aſſertions, which, generally taken, are falſe, and which the Author, to ſhew his Logical Head, is for proving true by a particular Inſtance, and, to ſhew his great Modeſty, takes that Inſtance from himſelf. The firſt general Aſſertion is, *That, when any Scandal is vented againſt a Man of the higheſt Diſtinction and Character, either in the State or in Literature, the Publick in general afford it a quiet Reception, and the larger Part accept it as favourably, as if it were ſome Kindneſs done to themſelves.* This is the firſt general Aſſertion. Now, Sir, for the particular Inſtance intended to prove the Truth of it; *I will only obſerve one Fact*, ſays P, *that every Week for theſe Two Months paſt, the Town has been perſecuted with Pamphlets, Advertiſements, Letters, and weekly Eſſays, not only againſt my Wit and Writings, who am a Man of the higheſt Diſtinction and Character in Literature, but againſt my Perſon and Character.*

racter. And that of all thoſe Men who have received Pleaſure from my Writings, which by a modeſt Computation [Oh! the charming Beauties of that attractive Virtue, Modeſty!] *may be about a Hundred thouſand in theſe Kingdoms of* England *and* Ireland, *not to mention* Jerſey *and* Guernſey, [*which you know, ſays* P. *are not in* England, *becauſe they are in* Hampſhire,] *or the* Orcades, [*which I mention without naming* Scotland, *ſweetly to inſinuate, that there is no ſuch thing as Taſte of Literature in any Part of* North-Britain, *unleſs in that which is next to* Greenland,] *or the new World, or Foreigners who have tranſlated me into their Languages, not a Man among them has ſtood up to ſay one Word in my Defence.*

Thus, Sir, have I laid before you the firſt general Aſſertion, and the particular Inſtance intended to prove the Truth of it. But now, Sir, as I obſerv'd before, *P*'s undiſtinguiſhing Noddle has not found out, that his firſt general Aſſertion, generally taken, is falſe; for if by a Man of the higheſt Diſtinction and Character, he means one who has highly deſerv'd either of his Country or of the Commonwealth of Learning, [But then he muſt not in anywiſe mean himſelf, who has deſerved nothing of the latter, and very ill of the former] I may juſtly affirm, that any Scandal or Calumny publiſhed againſt ſuch a one, muſt be utterly ſhocking to any Man of good Senſe, or Candour,

Candour, or Integrity, or Humanity, though perhaps it may be pleaſing enough to *P*'s Hundred thouſand Admirers: For People of their Capacities are always Levellers, and when they find it impoſſible for them to raiſe themſelves to an Equality with Merit, they politickly lay hold of any Opportunity to bring Merit down to their Level.

Thus have I ſhewn that this firſt general Aſſertion is not prov'd by the particular Inſtance, not only becauſe no general Concluſion can be drawn from Particulars, but becauſe the Perſon mention'd in the general Aſſertion is immenſely diſtant from the Creature mention'd in the particular Inſtance; as diſtinct as Eaſt from Weſt, or as Earth from Heaven. For if *P.* has the Misfortune to fancy himſelf *a Perſon of the higheſt Diſtinction and Character in Literature*, as he plainly infers that he does, his Pericranium is certainly as much out of Order, and he as much wants to be trepann'd, as if he had declar'd himſelf *Grand Signior*, Emperor of *China*, or the *Great Mogul*.

But now to come to the ſecond general Aſſertion, which is a bleſſed one, and is as follows: *If a known Scoundrel or Blockhead chance to be but touch'd upon, a whole Legion is up in Arms, and it becomes the common Cauſe of all Scriblers, Printers, and Bookſellers whatſoever.* Now the particular Inſtance or Fact gives the Lye to this general Aſſertion. For a certain known Scoundrel, and

and horrible Blockhead, has lately not only been touch'd upon, but dwelt upon, and has been pelted as much and as plentifully as if his Ears had been nail'd to the Pillory, and yet not one of all his Hundred thouſand Admirers, whether in *Jerſey* or *Guernſey*, or the *Orcades*, or in the new World, not any Man has ſtood up to ſay one Word in his Defence.

I hope this will convince his Patrons and his Admirers, who have purchas'd Scurrility and Nonſenſe at ſo dear a Rate, that nothing is more eaſy than to give foul Language, but that 'tis Ten times more excuſable in Me than it is in Him; firſt, becauſe *læſit prior*, I only retort the Language he gave; ſecondly, becauſe in the Remarks which I formerly made upon the ſeveral Things he has publiſh'd, I have given ſuch Reaſons, why this Language is his Due, as have convinc'd every ſenſible impartial Reader, that there is not in any of thoſe Trifles the leaſt Degree of that Solidity, that Morality, and that good Senſe, which are the Principles and Fountain of all good Writing in Poetry: I ſhall purſue the ſame Method in the Animadverſions, which from time to time I ſhall ſend you upon the brutal *Dunciad*; and before I have done with this firſt Preliminary, I ſhall take one Occaſion from it, to convince the Reader, that this bouncing Bully of *Parnaſſus*, is nothing but a falſe Brave, a mere bragging pretending Empirick, and utterly ignorant of the firſt Rudiments of an

Art

Art which he has more than Twenty Years profeſſed, and in which he has nothing but Impudence and Ignorance, and Falſhood to ſupport him.

In order to ſhew this, let us ſee the Account that *P.* himſelf gives of his *Dunciad*. *It is ſtil'd*, ſays he, *Heroick, as being doubly ſo, not only with reſpect to its Nature, which according to the beſt Rules of the Antients, and ſtricteſt Ideas of the Moderns, is critically ſuch; but alſo with regard to the heroical Diſpoſition, and high Courage of the Writer, who dar'd to ſtir up ſuch a formidable, irritable, and implacable Race of Mortals.*

Thus *P.* all at once makes himſelf the Hero of his wonderful Rhapſody, and ſtiles his Folly, his Impudence, his Inſolence, and his want of Capacity to diſcern and to diſtinguiſh, high Courage; for want of which Capacity, he muſt be told, that a Bully is of all Mortals, the moſt Fooliſh, the moſt Impudent, and the moſt Inſolent, but at the ſame time Cowardly. And here, Sir, give me leave to obſerve what the ſcandalous Chronicle reports, That as ſoon as the Rhapſody was publiſh'd, *P.* never dar'd to appear without a tall *Iriſhman* attending him, who is ſo inſeparable from him, that one would ſwear that he owes his Wit as well as his Courage to him.

But there is now a Neceſſity for going back a little, *The* Dunciad, *ſays* P, *is ſtiled Heroick with reſpect to its Nature, which, according to the beſt*

beſt Rules of the Antients, and ſtricteſt Ideas of the Moderns, is critically ſuch. Here then let us ſee what the Propoſition of every Epick Poem, whether Serious and Real, or Mock and Ridiculous, ought to be; and then whether *P*'s Propoſition is agreeable to it.

The Propoſition of an Epick Poem, ſays Boſſu, *is, That firſt Part of the Poem, in which the Author propoſes briefly, and in general, what he deſigns to ſay in the Body of his Work; in which there are two Things to be conſidered, the one is what the Poet propoſes, and the other is the Manner of his propoſing it.*

The Propoſition, continues he, *ought to contain the Matter of the Poem only; that is to ſay, the Action of it, and the Perſons who execute that Action, whether thoſe Perſons are Divine or Human: We find all that in the* Iliad, *in the* Odyſſes, *and in the* Æneid.

The Action that Homer *propoſes to ſing in the* Iliad, *is the Revenge that* Achilles *takes for the Affront that is offered him; that of the* Odyſſes *is the Return of* Ulyſſes *to* Ithaca; *and that of the* Æneid, *is the Empire of* Troy *transferr'd by* Æneas *to* Italy.

We ought not to ſuffer ourſelves to be ſurprized by the Expreſſion of Homer *in the Beginning of his* Iliad, *where he ſays that he ſings the pernicious Wrath of* Achilles, *nor believe that he propoſes that Wrath as the Subject of his Poem: At that rate he could not relate an Action to his Reader, but a Paſſion; We ought*

not

not to ſtop there, ſince he himſelf has not ſtopp'd there. He tells us, that he ſings the Wrath which caus'd the Greeks *to ſuffer ſuch mighty Loſſes, and was the Death of ſo many Heroes. He propoſes then an Action, and not a ſimple Paſſion for the Matter of his Poem; and that Action is, as we ſaid before, the Revenge that* Achilles *takes for the Affront that is offered him.*

Thus in the other two Poems, they propoſe at firſt a Man; but the Propoſitions ſtop not there, they add, that Ulyſſes *ſuffered very much in his Endeavour to return into his Country, or that the Deſign of* Æneas's *Voyage was to eſtabliſh himſelf in* Italy. *Both the one and the other, then, of the two Poets propoſes to ſing an Action.*

But ſo much for ſerious and real Epick or Heroick Poems. Let us now come to the Mock and the Comick ones, and we ſhall find, that this Poem, by changing its Nature, does not change its Manner. *Boileau*, who was one of the greateſt of the *French* Poets, and one of the moſt judicious of their Criticks, calls his *Lutrin*, *Poeme Heroique*, an Heroical or Epick Poem; and yet in the Propoſition to this Poem, which was deſigned purely for Pleaſantry, he propoſes to ſing an Action, as appears by the Propoſition itſelf.

Je Chante les combats, et ce Prelat terrible,
Qui par ſes long Travaux et ſa Force invincible,
Dans

Dans une illuſtre Egliſe exercant ſon grand cœur
Fit placer a la fin un Lutrin dans le Chœur.
Ceſt en vain que le Chantre appuié d'un vain Titre,
Deux fois l'enfit oter par les mains du Chapitre;
Ce Prelat ſur le Banc de ſon Rival altier
Deux fois le rapportant l'en couvrit tout entier.

Which in *Engliſh* Proſe is thus,

I ſing the Combats, and that terrible Prelate, who, by his long Labours, and his invincible Courage, cauſing his great Soul to be ſeen by his Actions, in an illuſtrious Church, cauſed at length a ſtately Pulpit to be erected in the Choir. In vain did the Chanter, ſupported by an empty Title, twice cauſe it to be taken down by the Hands of the Chapter; and twice did the Prelate, cauſing it to be carried back again, fix it before the Seat of his proud Rival, and covering him, and hiding him from the Congregation, mortify him ſeverely.

Thus *Boileau*, in the Propoſition to a mock Epick, or Heroick Poem, propoſes to ſing an Action; and accordingly entertains the Reader with it.

And though *Butler* in his Propoſition to *Hudibras*, does not pretend to ſing one regular Action [for very little of the Rules of *Ariſtotle* was known then in *England*] yet ſtill he propoſes to ſing Action, or Actions, as will appear by the Propoſition itſelf.

When

When Civil Fury firſt grew high,
And Men fell out they knew not why;
When hard Words, Jealouſies, and Fears,
Set Folks together by the Ears,
And made them fight like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion, as for Punk;
Whoſe Honeſty they all durſt ſwear for,
Tho' not a Man of them knew wherefore:
When Goſpel Trumpeter, ſurrounded
By long-Ear'd Rout, to Battle ſounded,
And Pulpit Drum Eccleſiaſtick,
Was beat with Fiſt, inſtead of a Stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon Dwelling,
And out he rode a Colonelling.

So that the excellent Author of *Hudibras*, who had ſo admirable a Talent for Pleaſantry, propoſes chiefly to entertain his Reader with the Actions of his Hero.

Now let us take a ſhort View of *P*——'s Propoſition to his *Dunciad*; and after that you will eaſily judge *how far 'tis Heroick with reſpect to its Nature, and how far it is critically ſuch, according to the beſt Rules of the Antients, and ſtricteſt Ideas of the Moderns.*

Books, and the Man, I ſing, the firſt who brings
The Smithfield *Muſes to the Ears of Kings.*

Let us diveſt it of its Jingle, ſince Rhyme is of no uſe to the Nonſenſe of ſuch Proſe as this,

this, but to render it more ridiculous, and more unintelligible.

I ſing Books, and I ſing the Man, the firſt Man, who carries the Muſes of Smithfield *to the Ear of Kings.*

Thus *P.* ſings Books, and not an Action; and the Author who pretends in an Epick Poem to ſing Books inſtead of ſinging an Action, is only qualified to ſing Ballads. And as Nature has begun to qualify him for that melodious Vocation, by giving him that Face, that Shape, and that Stature; ſo if Fortune would but finiſh what Nature has begun, he would be a Nonpareillo in that Employment. As he has for ſeveral Months laſt paſt, been bringing down a wooden Tempeſt upon his Carcaſs, if one Eye and one Leg ſhould ſuffer ſeverely by the Storm, which may very well happen, do not you think, Sir, that his rare Figure would proclaim him the Prince of Ballad Singers, as, by juſtly depoſing you, he has made himſelf the King of Dunces?

P. is ſo far from ſinging an Action, that there is no ſuch Thing as Action in his whimſical Rhapſody, unleſs what proceeds from Dulneſs, that is, from Privation; a very pretty Principle of Action, and very worthy of *P*'s Invention! The Thing is divided into Three Books. In the Firſt, inſtead of Action there is Deſcription and Declamation. In the Third, inſtead of Action we have nothing but a

feveriſh Dream. The Second is made up of Naſtineſs, Obſcenity, and Abſurdity; and is ſo far from being Part of an Action, that it runs counter to the Deſign of the whole Thing, if there could be any Deſign in it; for Vigour of Action can never proceed from Dulneſs, though it may from Madneſs. The Hero of the Piece does nothing at all, and never ſpeaks but once, unleſs it be half a Line in the Third Book. In the Firſt Book, indeed, he offers to burn his Works, but is hinder'd by the Goddeſs: Now thoſe Works are either Good or Bad; if they are Good, they render him incapable of being King of the Dunces; if they are Bad, the Offer to burn them ſhews his Judgment, and Judgment muſt be always contrary to Dulneſs, otherwiſe *P.* would be the brighteſt Creature that ever God made.

Whether an Epick Poem, is grave or mock Epick, the Action muſt have Probability in all its Parts: Both antient and modern Criticks agree in this.

Ficta voluptatis cauſâ ſint proxima veris,

ſays *Horace, Let every Thing that is invented to give the Reader Pleaſure, be attended with Probability:* Nay, *Boileau* makes Probability more neceſſary than Truth itſelf, as ſeveral of the Antients and Moderns have likewiſe done.

Jamais au ſpectateur n'offrez rien d'incroyable,
Le vrai peut quelque fois n'etre pas vrai ſemblable.

Une

Une merveille abſurde eſt pour moy ſans appas,
L'eſprit n'eſt point emu de ce q'il ne croit pas.

Never offer any thing that is incredible either to the Reader or the Spectator. Truth ſometimes may not have Probability. That which is abſurd, at the ſame Time that 'tis wonderful, has no Charms for me. The Soul is never mov'd with that which it does not believe.

And the Reaſon that he gives for this is very ſolid, *viz.* Truth may ſometimes have the Appearance of a Lye, but Probability has always the Appearance of Truth. And this mock Probability, *Butler* in his *Hudibras*, and *Boileau* in his *Lutrin*, have preſerved inviolably. But what Probability is there in *P*'s Rhapſody? What Probability in the Games which take up a third Part of the Piece? Is it not monſtrous to imagine any Thing like that in the Maſter Street of a populous City; a Street eternally crowded with Carriages, Carts, Coaches, Chairs, and Men paſſing in the greateſt Hurry about Private and Publick Affairs? What Probability in that noble Invention of *Fleet Ditch*, which, beſides its Extravagancy, and its Stupidity, ſhews the naſty Soul of the Author.

Immodeſt Words admit of no Defence,
For want of Decency, is want of Senſe.

For all that is ſaid there, muſt be exceſſively ſhocking to all Men of common Senſe, as ſhewing want of Reſpect to the Reader, as much as to the Authors mentioned there. Every Man of good Breeding, as well as good Senſe, muſt be mov'd with Indignation,

At bawling Infamy, with Language baſe.
Dryden.

P. talks of *Taylor* the Water-Poet, but *Taylor* is only call'd ſo from his Profeſſion. *P.* is properly the Water-Poet, who has Water-Language, which he ſeems to have lived ſo many Years at *Chiſwick* and *Twickenham*, on purpoſe to learn it from his Daily tranſitory Maſters, the Scullers.

I am ſorry I have dwelt ſo long upon this whimſical Trifle, call'd, *The Publiſher to the Reader*; which could have been writ by neither *Chriſtian*, nor *Turk*, nor *Jew*, nor any one but an Anti-Chriſtian Catholick, educated in Jeſuitical Maxims, and Religious Frauds. I appeal to any Man of common Senſe, if this whimſical Fraud could have been printed ſo many times in *Duodecimo*, as the Author pretends it has been, and inſerted at laſt in the Appendix to the Edition in Quarto, if it had been writ by any one but *P.* himſelf. This appears to me to be utterly impoſſible: And the Truth appears ſo plainly, and ſtrikes the Reader ſo ſtrongly through that paltry Artifice,

tifice, that if *P.* believes that he conceals himſelf by it, he ſhews himſelf a thouſand times more weak, and expoſes himſelf infinitely more than by any thing that he can ſay in Rhyme; for there are ſeveral Perſons who believe, that any Sort of Fiction is allowable in Rhyme; but all the World expects, that when a Man writes Proſe, he ſhould ſpeak Truth and Reaſon.

As we have ſhewn that *P.* knows nothing of the Art of Poetry in general, we now come to ſhew, that he knows as little of *Homer* in particular, whether we conſider the Qualities and Character of that celebrated *Grecian*, or the Nature of his Writings; and, in ſhort, as little of the Characters of other Poets, whether ancient or modern. And the impartial Reader will then determine whether the Author who has all theſe Defects, is qualified to ſet up for a Tranſlator of *Homer*, or for a knowing, a juſt, and a judicious Critick.

What *P.* is pleas'd to call his Preface, is neither a juſt Diſſertation, nor a modeſt Encomium, but an extravagant hyperbolical Panegyrick on *Homer*; a Heap of dogmatical, elaborate, illiterate Pedantry: By which he has equally labour'd to ſhew the Excellence of *Homer*, and to expoſe and detect his own Unworthineſs. For there is not in the Tranſlation the leaſt Shadow of thoſe great Qualities which either are, or are pretended to be, in *Homer*. And yet *P.* at the ſame Time that he is extolling him to the Skies, gives infallible Signs

that he does not know him, and blindly says more infamous Things of him, than either *Terrasson*, *Le Motte*, or *Perrault*.

When the Preface tells us, in his very first Paragraph, that *Homer* is universally allow'd to have had the greatest Invention of any Writer whatever, he is so far from telling us, at the same Time, what Invention is, that he plainly discovers that he knows nothing of it. For he seems to take it for a peculiar Faculty of the Mind, distinct from Memory, Imagination, and Judgment; whereas it is the Effect and Result of the confederate Powers and Operation of all the three. We have a faint Image of these Operations in Hawking: For Memory may be justly compar'd to the Dog that beats the Field, or the Wood, and that starts the Game; Imagination to the Falcon that * clips it upon its Pinions after it; and Judgment to the Falconer, who directs the Flight, and who governs the whole. But *P.* as has been said, takes it for a distinct Faculty; he opposes it to Judgment in this very Paragraph; and in the last Paragraph of the third Page, [*Edit.* 2.] he calls it the strong and the ruling Faculty.

P. tells us, in the first Page of this wonderful Preface, that whatever Praises may be given to Works of Judgment, there is not a single Beauty in them, but is owing to the Invention. But he ought to have known that this is reciprocal;

* A Term in *Falconry*.

procal; and that in Works of Invention there is not a ſingle Beauty but is owing to the Judgment; and that is the Reaſon that none have had great Beauties, but who have had great Judgment; as *Homer*, and *Virgil*, and ſome few others of the ancient *Grecian* and *Roman* Poets, and ſome very few of the *Engliſh*, *French*, and *Italian*.

In the Beginning of the ſecond Page of the Preface, [Edition the 2d] *P.* is pleas'd to tell us, *That the Reaſon why moſt Criticks are inclin'd to prefer a judicious and methodical Genius to a great and fruitful one, is, becauſe they find it eaſier to purſue their Obſervations through a uniform and bounded Walk of Art, than to comprehend the vaſt and various Extent of Nature.* Fine Words without any Meaning! As if any one could comprehend the vaſt and various Extent of Nature, but the great Author of Nature. If this Prefacer had not been ſuperlatively ignorant, he would have known, that the moſt judicious and methodical Genius's have been the greateſt and the moſt fruitful ones; the moſt admirable, and the moſt ſublime. The Epick Poems of *Homer* and *Virgil*, are infallible Proofs of this.

Our Author's Work is a wild Paradiſe; [ſays *P.* towards the Top of his 2d Page,] *where, if we cannot ſee all the Beauties ſo diſtinctly as in an order'd Garden, it is only becauſe the Number of them is infinitely greater. 'Tis like a copious Nurſery which contains*

the Seeds and firſt Productions of every Kind, out of which, thoſe who follow'd him have but ſelected ſome particular Plants, each according to his particular Fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If ſome Things are too luxuriant, 'tis owing to the Richneſs of the Soil; and if others are not arriv'd to Perfection or Maturity, it is only becauſe they are over-run and oppreſs'd by thoſe of a ſtronger Nature.

Now I appeal to you, Sir, if this is not a Paragraph which ſhews an Ignorance as groſs and profund as *Ægyptian* Darkneſs: An Ignorance which may be felt, tho' it cannot be underſtood. No *Indian*, no *Negro*, no *Hottentot*, knows leſs of *Homer*, than *P.* But what you and I will be pleas'd with, is this, that as the Author of this Paragraph has affronted, abus'd, and ſlander'd ſeveral young Ladies, which alone is ſufficient to ſhew him of a Race different from the human; for even the vileſt of Dogs will never abuſe a Female of his own Species; ſo Providence has juſtly ordain'd that a Lady ſhould revenge the Quarrel of her Sex, and ridicule, and expoſe, and baffle the Author of the ſaid monſtrous Paragraph. I ſpeak of Madam *Dacier*.

What! *ſays ſhe*, is *Homer*'s Poem then, according to Mr. *Pope*, an indigeſted Heap of Beauties, without Order or Symmetry; a Piece of Ground upon which nothing but Seeds, and nothing perfect or accompliſh'd, is to be found; a Production loaded with many

ſuper-

ſuperfluous and unprofitable Things, which ought to be retrench'd, and which oppreſs or disfigure thoſe which ought to be preſerv'd?

The moſt inveterate Enemies to *Homer*, *ſays that judicious Lady*, never ſaid any thing more injurious, or more unjuſt, againſt that Poet.

Mr. *P.* will pardon me, *ſays ſhe*, if I oppoſe the three Compariſons in this erroneous Preface, which ſeem to me to be very falſe, and utterly contrary to what the greateſt ancient and modern Criticks have thought.

To the Point, then, *ſhe continues*; The *Iliad* is ſo far from being a wild Paradiſe, that it is the moſt regular Garden, and laid out with more Symmetry than ever any Garden was. Monſieur *Le Notre* *, who was the greateſt Man of the World in his Art, never obſerv'd in his Garden a more perfect, or more admirable Symmetry, than *Homer* has obſerv'd in his Poems. Every thing that is in them, is not only in the Place in which it ought juſtly to be, but every thing is formed on Purpoſe for the Place it poſſeſſes. He preſents you at firſt with that which ought firſt to be ſeen; he places in the Middle what ought to be only there, and what would be improper either at the Beginning or End; and he places Things at a greater Diſtance, which ought to be ſo

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* Gardener to *Lewis* XIV. He laid out the Gardens of *Verſailles* and *Marly*.

diſpos'd,

diſpos'd, in order to create a greater and a more agreeable Surprize; and to make uſe of a Compariſon drawn from Painting, *He diſpoſes that in the greateſt Light, which cannot be too viſible; and ſinks and hides in the Obſcurity of the Shadows, what does not require to be expos'd ſo fully to Sight. So that we may ſay, that* Homer *was the Painter who beſt knew how to employ the Lights and the Shadows. And it was this beauteous and admirable Order, which* Horace *admir'd in his Poems, and upon which he founded his Rules for the perfecting the Art of Poetry.*

The ſecond Compariſon, (ſhe continues) is as unjuſt. *How could Mr.* P. *affirm that one can diſcover only Seeds, and the immature Productions of every Kind, in the* Iliad? *when every Beauty in that Poem is ſo perfect a Beauty, that the following Ages could find nothing to add to any Kind of his Excellencies? And the Ancients have always propos'd* Homer *as the moſt perfect Model, in every Kind of Poetry.*

The third Compariſon (ſhe ſtill continues) is every Jot as unjuſt, and is compos'd of the Errors of the two former. Homer *had undoubtedly an incomparable Fertility of Invention, but yet a Fertility which is always reſtrain'd by a juſt and ſincere Judgment, which made him reject every ſuperfluous Thing which his boundleſs Imagination could offer to him, in order to retain only what was*

uſeful

uſeful or neceſſary. Judgment guided the Head of this admirable Gardiner, and was the Pruning-Hook he made uſe of in cutting off every uſeleſs Branch from its Trunk. He has done what Horace *ſpeaks of in his* Epods,

Inutileſque falce ramos amputans
Fæliciores inſerit.

Mr. P, ſhe continues, *had in an extraordinary manner oblig'd us, if he had directed us to the ſuperfluous Branches that ought to be cut off from this Tree: If he had inſtructed us in the Symmetry, which ought to be given to that wild Garden, to render it more regular; if he had given us an Idea of that Perfection which he ſays is wanting to thoſe ſeveral Beauties, of which* Homer, *he pretends, has only given us a Sketch. It would be happy for the preſent Age, and glorious to* England, *to have produced ſo perfect a Critick.*

Thus far Madam *Dacier* has defended *Homer*; ſhe next proceeds to defend herſelf againſt the ſenſeleſs Cavil which he has brought againſt her; which ſhe has done with all the Modeſty, the Juſtneſs, and the Addreſs which are peculiar to that judicious Lady. You have ſeen that Defence in the Original. I have nothing to do but to obſerve here, that the Wretch againſt whom ſhe writes, has been always infamous for his Ingratitude to that Part of the

Fair

Fair Sex, to whom he has had moſt Obligations.

I ſhall now proceed to ſend you ſome Remarks of my own upon this Preface.

'Tis in the ſecond Page of it likewiſe that this Prefacer informs us, *That 'tis to the Strength of this amazing Invention, that we are to attribute that unequal'd Fire and Rapture, which is ſo forcible in* Homer, *&c.* But, by *P*'s Leave, *Homer* owes his Invention to his Fire, and not his Fire to his Invention: The more warm any one is by Nature, the more inventive is that Perſon, if the Organs be rightly diſpos'd.

But *P.* goes on, *What he*, that is *Homer*, *writes*, [that is, every thing that he writes] *is of the moſt animated Nature imaginable.* At the Bottom of this very Page he contradicts this. For, ſays he, *'tis remarkable that his Fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not diſcover'd immediately at the Beginning of his Poem, in its fulleſt Splendour.* But let us return to what he ſays previous to this Contradiction of himſelf. *If a Council be call'd*, ſays *P*, *or a Battle fought, you are not coldly inform'd of what is ſaid or done, as from a third Perſon; the Reader is hurried out of himſelf, by the Force of the Poet's Imagination, and turns in one Place to a Hearer, in another to a Spectator.* To ſhew the Abſurdity of this, we ſhall firſt conſider it with Regard to Councils, and afterwards with Regard

gard to Battels. If every thing that is ſaid in Council is of the moſt animated Nature imaginable, the Characters of thoſe who ſpeak, either cannot be maintain'd, or cannot be diverſify'd. And as for Battels, the Reader is as much a Spectator of thoſe of *Virgil*, as he is of thoſe of *Homer*. The Muſe who preſides over Epick Poetry equally relates both. And if ſhe relates the Deſtruction of *Troy* by the Mouth of *Æneas*, that was not a Battle but a Maſſacre. And the Neceſſity of the Action requir'd that Way of relating it; it being impoſſible to ſet otherwiſe before the Eyes of *Dido*, a thing that was paſt and done in a different Part of the World.

This little Gentleman ſays, towards the Top of the third Page of the ſmaller Edition, *That exact Diſpoſition, juſt Thought, correct Elocution, poliſh'd Numbers, may have been found in a thouſand; but this poetical Fire, this* Vivida Vis Animi *in a very few.*

If he had ſtudied Twenty Years to be in the Wrong, he could not have blunder'd more confoundedly. The very Reverſe of what he aſſerts is the Truth. Exact Diſpoſition, juſt Thought, correct Elocution, poliſh'd Numbers have been found in *Homer* and *Virgil* alone, of all that have writ in the Epick Way; but the poetical Fire, the *Vivida Vis Animi* may have been ſeen in a Thouſand. But let me ſee how the little Gentleman goes on. *Even in Works where all theſe are imperfect*

perfect or neglected, this even over-powers Criticiſm, and makes us admire while we diſ-approve. Admirably ſaid, little *Bays*, i'faith, thou ſecond great Apoſtle of Nonſenſe, which thou art ſent by thy evil Genius to preach to all thy Hundred thouſand Admirers! But, *faveamus Linguis*, let me ſee how he goes on, full of the 'foremention'd God, whoſe miſſionary Prieſt he has the Honour to be. *Nay, where this* [Fire] *appears, tho' attended with Abſurdities, it brightens all the Rubbiſh about it, 'till we ſee nothing but its own Splendor.* Now, did *Bays* the firſt ever ſay any thing ſo full of admirable Judgment as this? Can we ſufficiently admire a Fire that brightens all the Rubbiſh about it, 'till the Rubbiſh diſappears, and is hid by its own Brightneſs? But in the Name of Nonſenſe, let him go on. *This Fire is diſcern'd in* Virgil, *but diſcern'd as through a Glaſs, reflected from* Homer, *more ſhining than fierce, but every where equal and conſtant.* What Devil poſſeſs'd him, when he wrote ſuch Stuff as this? The dulleſt Devil, and the moſt egregious Dunce in all the Profund of Hell. What does he mean by, this Fire is diſcern'd in *Virgil*, but diſcern'd as *through* a Glaſs, inſtead of as *from* a Glaſs? What does he mean by reflected from *Homer?* How is the Fire in the Fourth, the Sixth, the Tenth *Eclogue* reflected from *Homer?* or the Fire of thoſe noble Paſſages in the *Georgicks*; the Death of *Cæſar*; the Praiſe of *Italy*, or a Country

Country Life; or the Plague among the dumb Creation; or the Story of *Orpheus?* How comes this trifling Poetaſter, without the leaſt Sagacity or Penetration, to make thoſe Diſtinctions and thoſe Diſcoveries, which the greateſt and the moſt judicious Criticks could never make? How much Reaſon have we here to cry out with my Lord *Roſcommon*;

How many Ages ſince has Virgil *writ?*
How few are they who underſtand him yet?
Approach his Altars with Religious Fear;
No vulgar Deity inhabits there.
Heav'n ſhakes not more at Jove's *imperial Nod*
Than Poets ſhould before their Mantuan *God.*
Hail, mighty Maro! *may that ſacred Name*
Kindle my Breaſt with thy Cœleſtial Flame.

My Lord *Roſcommon* ſpeaks not of *Virgil* as of a Poet whoſe Fire was diſcern'd as thro' a Glaſs, becauſe my Lord *Roſcommon*, felt the Fire of that admirable Poet. What does this *Twickenham* Poetaſter mean, when he ſpeaks of the Fire of *Virgil*, as more ſhining than fierce, and as of a Fire every where equal and conſtant? The Fire of a great and judicious Poet is caus'd by his Ideas, and therefore can never be equal and conſtant, becauſe the Ideas cannot poſſibly be always equal. What? Is the Fire of *Virgil* every where equal to that Divine Paſſage of the *Cumæan* Sybil, in the Sixth *Æneid?*

Cum

Ventum erat ad limen, cum virgo, Poſcere fata
Tempus, ait: Deus, ecce, Deus. Cui talia fanti
Ante fores, ſubito non vultus, non color unus,
Non comptæ manſere comæ: ſed pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corda tument; majorque videri,
Nec mortale ſonans: afflata eſt numine quando
Jam propriore Dei.

Which my Lord *Roſcommon* has thus finely imitated, in his admirable Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe:

Have you been led thro' the Cumæan *Cave,*
And heard th' impatient Maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I ſee her rowling Eyes;
And panting; Lo! the God, the God, ſhe cries;
With Words not hers, and more than human Sound,
She makes th' obedient Ghoſts peep trembling thro' the Ground.

But now let us come to *Milton*, in whom, if we will believe this little Gentleman, *the poetical Fire glows like a Furnace, kept up to an uncommon Fierceneſs by the Force of Art.* Now, I dare engage that there are not Two Perſons in the World who underſtand what the little Gentleman ſays there, and I do really believe that there is not one. What? is the Tranſcendency of *Milton*'s Genius, which has been

been admir'd by all the capable World, reduced to Art? Pray, how is the Fire of *Homer* and *Virgil* kept up? for they ſeem to me to have vaſtly more of the poetical Art than *Milton*. Indeed *Milton* had more Felicity than they, which threw him upon the Subject of *Paradiſe Loſt*; a Subject which often furniſh'd him with the greateſt Ideas, which ſupply'd him with the greateſt Spirit. But to ſhew that it was rather Felicity than Art or Skill, that determin'd him to that Choice, he was by no means ſo happy in the Choice of *Paradiſe Regain'd*, a Subject that could ſupply him neither with the Ideas nor with the Spirit. For Pride and Ambition, Rage and Revenge, and Fury, furniſh'd quite another ſort of Spirit, than Patience, Reſignation, Humility, Meekneſs, Long-ſuffering, and the reſt of thoſe quiet divine Virtues that adorn the Chriſtian Scheme. Beſides, *Milton*'s Fire is ſo very far from being kept always up by Art, that for near a ſixth Part of the Poem it's ſet down for want of Art. For this Poem is ſo order'd, that the Subject of the Eleventh and Twelfth Books could by no means ſupply him with the great Ideas, nor conſequently with the great Spirit, which the Firſt, Second, and Sixth had done before; and ſeveral Parts of the other Books likewiſe.

It would require a Volume to expoſe all the numerous Errors and Blunders which are to be met with in his Preface. At the Bot-

tom of his Third Page he tells us, *That* Homer *open'd a new and boundleſs Walk for his Imagination, and created a World for himſelf in the Invention of Fable: That which* Ariſtotle *calls the Soul of Poetry, was firſt breath'd in it by* Homer. And here that Learned and Judicious Lady finds Two Faults in that Aſſertion. Firſt, ſhe condems the Fuſtian in it, becauſe it raiſes no clear and diſtinct Idea in her Mind; and ſecondly, ſhe cenſures the Falſehood in it. *There is not*, ſays ſhe, *the leaſt Shadow of Truth in aſſerting, that* Homer *invented the Fable. It was invented long before his Time; and he found the Uſe of it wholly eſtabliſh'd, as I have ſhewn in my Preface to the* Odyſſes.

I ſhall now leave Madam *Dacier* for a Moment, in order to return to her again immediately.

The fourth and the fifth Pages of the 'forementiond Edition, are taken up with a moſt impertinent Diviſion of Fable, into the Probable, the Allegorical, and the Marvellous, which Diviſion I ſuppoſe he had from ſome Popiſh Pedant, and perhaps, from the ſacred Scaramouchi his Preceptor. Now, in the firſt Place, he makes the Allegorical a diſtinct Species of Fable, whereas there cannot poſſibly be any Fable, that is, any Action founded upon a Moral, but what is allegorical. In the ſecond Place, in the Epick Fable [which is of the ſame Nature with the *Æſopian* Fables, and

is

is diſtinguiſh'd only by its Length] that is, in the Epick Action founded upon its Moral, theſe Three Qualities, of Allegorical, Probable, Admirable are united. What Reaſon then can this Author have to make theſe Three ſo many diſtinct Species of Fable, inſtead of making them Three diſtinguiſh'd Qualities of the Epick Fable, of which alone 'tis his Buſineſs to treat here? The Fable of an Epick Poem, is very juſtly defin'd, a Diſcourſe invented by Art, to form the Manners by the Allegory of an Action, related in an agreeable, a profitable, and a wonderful Manner.

In treating of the marvellous Fable [for a Pedant naturally affects obſolete Words,] he ſpeaks of the Machines of *Homer*, concerning which he is pleas'd to tell us, *That whatever Cauſe there might be to blame them in a philoſophical or a religious View, they are ſo perfect in the poetical, that Mankind have been ever ſince contented to follow them; none have been able to enlarge the Sphere of Poetry beyond the Limits which he has ſet. Every Attempt of this Nature has prov'd unſucceſsful; and after all the various Changes of Times and Religions, his Gods continue to this Day, the Gods of Poetry.*

What a monſtrous Mixture of Ignorance and Impudence is here? In the Compaſs of Eight Lines there are no leſs than Four groſs Errors. The firſt is this, *That Mankind have*

been contented to follow, or [to ſpeak *Engliſh*] *to make uſe of* Homer's *Machines ever ſince* Homer's *Time*; whereas all the World knows, that *Taſſo*, *Milton*, *Cowley*, and ſeveral more have made uſe of very different ones. The ſecond Error is this: *None have been able to enlarge the Sphere of Poetry beyond the Limits which he has ſet.* I neither underſtand this, nor can I meet with any one who does underſtand it: What does *P.* mean by that Cant and that Fuſtian, *enlarging the Sphere of Poetry*, and *ſetting Limits to the Sphere of Poetry?* Now, downright Nonſenſe is certainly the greateſt of all Errors and Blunders. In other Errors *Pegaſus* only trips or ſtumbles, but in Nonſenſe, the Beaſt falls flat down, and flounders in the Mud.

Now follows the Third Error. *Every Attempt*, ſays *P*, *of this Nature has prov'd unſucceſsful.* That is, every Attempt to make uſe of other Machines than what *Homer* has made uſe of. Now, but two of the ancient Poets, who have writ in the Epick Way, have ſucceeded with the heathen Machines, and thoſe are *Homer* and *Virgil*, and as many of the Moderns have ſucceeded without thoſe Machines, and thoſe are *Taſſo* and *Milton*, whoſe Machines are almoſt entirely taken from the Chriſtian Scheme. And their Succeſs is a Proof from Fact of the Fourth Error, and is an inconteſtable one, that the Gods of *Homer* do not continue to this Day to be the

Gods

Gods of Poetry. 'Tis impoſſible that any one at this Time could write an Epick Poem with heathen Machines ſucceſsfully. There would be great Folly in attempting it, becauſe the Uſe of ſuch Machines would be deſtructive not only of Truth, but of all Probability. As for *Homer* and *Virgil*, when they writ, they had Probability on their Side. And it would be high Injuſtice to condemn them for not foreſeeing what 'tis impoſſible they could foreſee, the univerſal Change of Religion.

There is another egregious Blunder of *P's*, in the Eighth Page of the ſmaller Edition, which Madam *Dacier* has with juſt Severity cenſur'd. *Every thing in the* Iliad, ſays *P*, *has Manners, as* Ariſtotle, ſays he, *expreſſes it; that is, every thing is acted or ſpoken. Nothing*, ſays Madam *Dacier*, *can be more contrary to the Doctrine of that Philoſopher.* He never ſaid that any thing has Manners, *becauſe it is either acted or ſpoken.* On the contrary he tells us, *that there are Diſcourſes without Manners, and that, in his Time, there were ſeveral Dramatick Pieces without Manners, and that yet there were in thoſe Pieces both Action and Diſcourſe; a certain Sign*, ſays he, *that Manners are neither Action nor Diſcourſe, ſince Action and Diſcourſe may be without Manners. What then are Manners*, ſays ſhe, *according to that Philoſopher?* Manners then, ſays *Ariſtotle*, are the Things that diſcover the Inclination of him

who ſpeaks, and the Choice that he is bent and determin'd to make on Occaſions in which it would not be eaſy to ſee what he will follow, and what he will avoid.

I come now to the ſecond Preliminary, that I propos'd to take Notice of, which is call'd, *A Letter to the Publiſher*, and ſign'd *W. C.* but was undoubtedly writ by *P.* himſelf. For it is ſo full of Folly, Falſhood, and Impudence, and the Flattery to *P.* is ſo fulſome and ſo nauſeous, that there is not a Man in *England* who is Fool enough to offer that Incenſe to *P.* but himſelf. And that he himſelf is very capable of it, we ſhall give an undeniable Proof anon.

As for *Will. Cleland*, I know not whether there is ſuch a worthy Perſon in the World or not. But if there is, he will be certainly oblig'd to me for taking the Fool's Cap from his own Head, and clapping it upon the Pate of *P*, who is moſt worthy of it. I have neither Time nor Inclination to go thro' all the Paragraphs; but I ſhall repeat Two or Three of them, which will be ſufficient to ſhew the vile and filthy Falſhood of the reſt.

The firſt of them is in the Middle of the Sixth Page, of the Edition in *Quarto*, and begins with theſe Words: *I perceiv'd that moſt of theſe Authors had been* [doubtleſs very wiſely] *the firſt Aggreſſors:* Both you and I, Sir, have the Honour to know ſeveral of them, of whom we know this to be falſe.

But

But give me leave to acquaint you with what has paſs'd between that little envious miſchievous Creature and myſelf. At his firſt coming to Town, he was very importunate with the late Mr. *Henry Cromwell* to introduce him to me: The Recommendation of Mr. *Cromwell* engaged me to be about thrice in Company with him; after which I went into the Country, and neither ſaw him nor thought of him, 'till I found myſelf moſt inſolently attack'd by him, in his very ſuperficial Eſſay upon Criticiſm, which was the Effect of his impotent Envy and Malice, by which he endeavour'd to deſtroy the Reputation of a Man who had publiſh'd Pieces of Criticiſm, and to ſet up his own. I was mov'd with Indignation to that Degree, at ſo much Baſeneſs, that I immediately writ Remarks upon that Eſſay, in order to expoſe the Weakneſs and the Abſurdity of it; which Remarks were publiſh'd, as ſoon as they could be printed. I afterwards writ and publiſh'd Remarks upon Part of his Tranſlation of *Homer*, upon his *Windſor Foreſt*, and his infamous *Temple of Fame*. When I had done this, I thought I had Reaſon to be ſatisfied with the Revenge I had taken. As theſe ſeveral Remarks had made great Impreſſions upon the Minds of Perſons of undoubted Senſe, and ſo eſteem'd by the Publick, *P.* began to repent of the Affront he had offer'd me, and the Injury he had attempted to do me: And to give ſome Proofs

of his Repentance, he ſubſcrib'd to the Two Volumes of Select Works, almoſt in ſpite of my Friend Mr. *Henry Cromwell*, in whoſe Hands he found the Propoſals. He likewiſe ſubſcrib'd afterwards to the Two Volumes of Letters, which engag'd me to ſtrike out ſeveral very juſt and ſevere Reflections againſt him, which were ſcatter'd up and down in thoſe Letters. In Acknowledgment of which, he ſent me the following Letter, together with the ſecond Payment:

To Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

SIR,

I Call'd to receive the Two Books of your Letters from Mr. *Congreve*, and have left with him the little Money I am in your Debt. I look upon myſelf to be much more ſo, for the Omiſſions you have been pleas'd to make in thoſe Letters in my Favour, and ſincerely join with you in the Deſire, that not the leaſt Traces may remain of that Difference between us, which indeed I am ſorry for. You may therefore believe me, without either Ceremony or Falſeneſs,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient,

May 3, 1721. *Humble Servant,*

A. POPE.

And

And now, Sir, perhaps you may be of Opinion that I had Reaſon to be ſatisfied, and to regard Mr. *P.* as a Friend. I indeed from that Hour ceas'd to be his Enemy, but could not put an entire Confidence in him, as often as I reflected on a Piece of monſtrous Perfidy, which he had been guilty of ſeven Years before; of which I ſhall give you as ſhort an Account as I can. The great Succeſs of Mr. *Addiſon's Cato* fermented his Envy, and provok'd his Malice exceedingly. To diſcharge ſome Part of his Spleen, he goes to Mr. *Lintot* the Bookſeller, and perſuades him to engage me to write ſome Remarks upon Mr. *Addiſon's* Play. He prevail'd upon the Bookſeller, and the Bookſeller upon me. I need not acquaint you that I wrote and publiſh'd ſuch Remarks. But his Gratitude for my complying with his Requeſt, may, perhaps, be a Piece of News, that will not a little ſurprize you: He writes a very ſcurrilous and impertinent Pamphlet, in which he acquaints his Reader, that I was in the Hands of Dr. *Norris*, a Curer of mad People, at his Houſe in *Hatton-Garden*, tho' at the ſame Time I appear'd publickly every Day both in the Park and in the Town. The Manuſcript of this Pamphlet he offer'd to ſhew to Mr. *Addiſon* before it was printed, who had too much Honour, and too much good Senſe to approve of ſo black a Proceeding. He was ſo far from approving

approving of it, that he immediately engag'd Sir *Richard Steele* to write the following Letter to *Lintot*.

Mr. *Lintot*, *Auguſt* 4, 1713.

MR. *Addiſon* deſir'd me to tell you, that he wholly diſapproves the Manner of Treating Mr. *Dennis* in a little Pamphlet, by way of Dr. *Norris*'s Account. When he thinks fit to take Notice of Mr. *Dennis*'s Objections to his Writings, he will do it in a Way Mr. *Dennis* ſhall have no juſt Reaſon to complain of. But when the Papers above-mentioned, were offer'd to be communicated to him, he ſaid he could not, either in Honour or Conſcience, be privy to ſuch a Treatment, and was ſorry to hear of it. I am,

SIR,

Your very Humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

This Letter was ſent by Sir *Richard Steele* to Mr. *Lintot*, and by the latter tranſmitted to me. As ſoon as I had perus'd it, I thought it concern'd me to preſerve the Original with the utmoſt Care, which I ſhall not fail to communicate to you, the very firſt Time I wait on you.

Thus,

Thus, Sir, have I given you the Reaſons why upon the receiving Mr. *P*'s Letter, I could not reſolve to be his Friend, nor to hold any Correſpondence with one of his perfidious Nature, tho' from that Time I ceas'd to be his Enemy, till he gave me a freſh Provocation, by publiſhing his chimerical *Profund* and his filthy *Dunciad*, and ſo became a ſecond Time the Aggreſſor; and as he has been twice ſo to me, he has been ſo to ſeveral others, in Spight of the Aſſertion of *ſagacious Will. Cleland*, alias *Matt. Scribbler*, alias *Alexander P.* For all Perſons of Honour and Integrity like his, love exceedingly to go by an *alias*.

Having ſaid ſo much of the Falſeneſs of his Aſſertions with Regard to my ſelf, I beg Leave to mention ſome more of them, before I come to the two Paragraphs, that in the 13th and that in the 14th Page of *The Letter to the Publiſher*. He is pleas'd to ſay ſomewhere in his *4to* Edition, that the Character which Mr. *Jacob* gives of me in his *Lives of the* Engliſh *Poets*, is my own: In Contradiction to which, I here ſend you a Letter which I lately receiv'd from that Gentleman, by the Peruſal of which, you will be pleas'd to ſee, how apt flagitious and abandon'd Men are to throw their own Crimes in the Faces of innocent Perſons. Before you begin it, I ſolemnly declare, before God, that I neither ſolicited it, or expected it, before he acquainted me that he had writ it.

To Mr. DENNIS.

Thurſday April 24, 1729.

SIR,

IN Mr. *Alexander Pope*'s new Edition of his *Dunciad, with Notes and Additions*, I find he has done me the Honour to make me your great Friend and Second, in many Places of that extraordinary Piece; an Honour I could not expect: But as he has therein charg'd me with Facts of which I am innocent, on account of my *Lives of the Poets*, and violently attack'd the Reputations of ſeveral ingenious Gentlemen, endeavouring to render me the Author of his Scandal, I am to clear up theſe Matters, which are of ſome Importance, by a juſt Vindication of my ſelf and others, and a thorough Detection of this great Slanderer.

I ſhall begin with an Enquiry into *Pope*'s Calumny againſt you. He, in his *Dunciad*, Book the 2d, would perſuade the Publick that your ſelf had a Hand in the ſmall Encomium on your Character inſerted in the 1ſt Volume of my *Lives of the* Engliſh *Poets*, where I ſay in general, *That you are a Perſon of ſound Learning, Maſter of a great deal of Penetration and Judgment, and perfectly regular in all your Performances*; with a few particular

cular Obſervations, on the *Juſtneſs* of the Deſign, *Conduct*, and Moral of your *Plays*: The leaſt, give me Leave to tell you, that could be ſaid in your Behalf, by any impartial Writer, who had any Knowledge of you, or your Works: But this ſcanty Praiſe of you, is thought a great deal too much, by the ſelfiſh Mr. *Pope*; wherefore he at length inſinuates, that you are the Author of it, which is a malicious and ſcandalous Inſinuation, without the leaſt Foundation of Truth; for I do ſolemnly declare [without any previous Sollicitation whatſoever] that you knew nothing at all thereof, till the Book was printed, and publiſh'd by the Bookſeller.

Now to demonſtrate how far the invidious Charge, which he endeavours to fix upon you, and other Poets, belongs to himſelf only, I ſhall here relate the true ſecret Hiſtory concerning himſelf. In *The Lives of the Poets*, Vol. II. p. 145, 146, 151, *&c.* the Sentences following are by his Authority: *This excellent Poet*, [Alexander Pope] *whoſe Fame exceeds not his Merit*, was born, *&c. There is great Eaſe, Strength, Wit, and Judgment, in his Compoſitions*; *all his Pieces are univerſally applauded, and the great* Sheffield *aſſerted his Work. His private Character is the beſt*, being ſumm'd up in a good Companion, *and a firm Friend. Mr.* Pope *has Fire and Spirit equal to that great Undertaking, his Tranſlation of* Homer: *And he is excellent in Proſe*

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as well as Verſe, &c. That theſe high Praiſes and Commendations of himſelf were by him particularly approv'd of, in a printed Proof of his Life and Character, which I tranſmitted to him for his Correction, I am ready to make Oath of, if requir'd; and by his Alterations and Additions therein, he entirely made the Compliment his own; which now I underſtand he, in his abundant Modeſty, judges too little, tho' his great Superiors, in any Accounts of them, would have been very well contented with leſs.

I did every Thing in my Power, by Mr. *Pope*, who was generally thought to be a riſing Genius, to honour and oblige him; much more than by Mr. *Prior*, and Mr. *Congreve*, whoſe Favour and Friendſhip I happily procur'd, and which continued till their Deaths. But *Pope* is not a *Prior*, nor a *Congreve*, and I may venture to ſay, never will be: For as he is evidently deficient of their poetical Talents and Abilities, ſo he is a perfect Stranger to their Gratitude, Honour, and great Humanity, the moſt ſhining Parts of theſe excellent Mens Characters.

The Reward of my good Offices by *Pope*, has been the greateſt Abuſe he could invent. It ſeems the envious little Gentleman is angry with me for preſuming to ſay any thing in Favour of others. Here's the Center and Fountain of his Malice. Truly he can bear no Character in Competition with his own, eſpecially ſince the above-mention'd Poets have been

been dead, in whoſe Life-times he dared not to publiſh his Impudence and Nonſenſe: Tho' now he fancies himſelf *Lord over all*, and, like *King Bambridge*, late Warden of the *Fleet* Priſon, he endeavour'd to exerciſe the moſt tyrannick Government within his imaginary Juriſdiction. He has done all in the Compaſs of his Malice, to defame, injure, and beat down every one he knew, except his Friend and Confederate the ingenious *John Gay*, on Pretence of my accuſing of whom, for telling the Truth of that extraordinary Gentleman, I have the great and diſproportion'd Share of his violent Invectives which run thro' his *Dunciad*.

By *Pope*'s *Shakeſpear* lately printed, and ſome of his Tranſlations, one might imagine he intended to claim the ſole Prerogative of Blundering to himſelf. His Blunders in moſt of his Performances, are very manifeſt! And therefore he calls others Blunderers, and Fools, in ſo polite a Manner, as not to be parallell'd or imitated. The Lines upon me in his ſtupid Poem, are very harmleſs, tho' very maliciouſly aim'd; for as to my being a Blunderbuſs of Law, this cannot go for any thing, even with the weakeſt of his Readers and Admirers; becauſe they, with others, will, I think, be oblig'd to own, that the great Poet *Alexander Pope*, is no Judge of Law, nor can he make it appear that what he hath ſaid of me, was ever eſteem'd any Part of my Character. So that on this juſt Reaſoning I am clear of his

Satire,

Satire, (which ought to ſubſiſt on ſome Grounds of Truth) altho' not of his Abuſe.

I do not pretend to ſay how long Mr. *Pope* was writing of his *Dunciad*; but his great Malice againſt me, has been ten Years hatching and laying up, ſo as not to be brought to Light till the *Beggars Opera*, by Mr. *Gay* and Company was acted in the Theatre; which low and licentious dramatical Piece, deſign'd for the Encouragement of Gentlemen on the Highway, and their female Aſſociates, in *Drury-Lane*, by its extraordinary Novelty, happening to ſtrike the giddy Humour of the Town, has introduc'd a new Species of the vileſt Farce, and turn'd the Heads of both *Pope* and *Gay* (who clubb'd their Wit in that Performance) ſince which, their Pride is become intolerable to all Men of common Senſe. But theſe great poetical Champions in the Cauſe of *Newgate*, will be juſtly pourtraited in a Supplement to my Account of them in *The Lives of the Poets*.

When I writ and publiſh'd my *Hiſtorical Regiſter in my Lives of the* Engliſh *Poets*, which is ſo long ago as 1719, I endeavour'd to act the candid Part by every Author I could get eaſy Intelligence of; and whatever mean Opinion Mr. *Pope* may have at any Time have conceiv'd of me, he had once ſome Regard for my poor Judgment, otherwiſe he would not have enter'd into any Correſpondence

ſpondence with me by Letter, or ſubſcrib'd two Guinea's for one ſmall Book in *Octavo*, to

SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

GILES JACOB.

I need not obſerve to you, Sir, that there are three Things remarkable in this Letter. The firſt, which I hinted at in the Introduction to it, is, that there are Perſons in the World who are impudent and unjuſt to that Degree, as to throw their own Crimes in the Faces of innocent Perſons. The ſecond, which I likewiſe hinted at above, is, that Mr. *P.* is prov'd by Facts atteſted by a Perſon of great Sincerity, to be his own Trumpeter. The third is, that Mr. *P.* has a very great Soul, a Soul exalted as much above Gratitude, as above Juſtice or Modeſty. The Gentleman who wrote this Letter, in Complaiſance to Mr. *P*, gives him a Character which they both very well knew that he was far from deſerving. Mr *P*, by Way of Acknowledgment for this Favour, acquaints the World, the very firſt Opportunity, that Mr. *Jacob* is a Blunderbuſs of Law, of which *P* does not underſtand one Syllable, as appears both by his Actions, and by his Writings; which are all of them as contrary

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to Law, as they are to Reaſon and Equity. If *P.* had call'd him a Blunderer in Criticiſm, Men of Senſe would have been apt to have believ'd him, before they had perus'd Mr. *Jacob*'s Letter.

As Mr. *P.* has been pleas'd in ſeveral Places of his wonderful *Rhapſody*, to declare that I wrote ſuch and ſuch Things in Concert with the late Mr. *Gildon*, I here ſolemnly declare, upon the Word and Honour of a Gentleman, that I never wrote ſo much as one Line, that was afterwards printed, in Concert with any one Man whatſoever. I here ſend you the Copies of two Letters, which I receiv'd formerly from Mr. *Gildon*, by which it will plainly appear to one of your Diſcernment, that we are not Writers in Concert with each other.

Mr. GILDON *to Mr.* DENNIS.

Dear SIR, *Aug.* 11, 1721.

I This Minute receiv'd your Letter, which has given me an infinite Satisfaction: For the Height of my Ambition was to pleaſe Men of the beſt Judgment. And finding that I have entertain'd my Maſter agreeably, I have the Extent of the Reward of my Labour. I am ſorry I have not pleas'd you in what I have ſaid of Mr. *Wycherley*; becauſe I am ſenſible that by not pleaſing you, I am ſo far in the wrong, and am ſo far prepoſſeſs'd againſt my ſelf, that before-

before-hand I plead guilty to your Charge. I ſhould be extreamly glad to hear you in my little Room; which will very much oblige,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble Servant.

The ſecond Letter is as follows:

To Mr. DENNIS.

SIR, *Jan.* 10, 1721-22.

MY Amanuenſis, Mr. *Lloyd*, having been very ill, I had not the Opportunity of hearing your excellent Pamphlet till this Day. I am infinitely ſatisfy'd and pleas'd with it, and hope that you will meet with that Encouragement and Reward, which your admirable Performance moſt evidently deſerves. What I have more to ſay to you upon that Head, I ſhall keep till I have the Happineſs of your Converſation; who am,

SIR,

Your Oblig'd Humble Servant,

CHARLES GILDON.

Now, Sir, is it not plain that any one who ſends ſuch Compliments to another, has not been us'd to write in Partnerſhip with him to whom he ſends them?

I come now to the two Paragraphs in the 13th and the 14th Pages of *Will. Cleland*'s Letter to the Publiſher, which, as we obſerv'd above, was certainly writ by *P.* himſelf; who, like a very modeſt Gentleman, not only compares himſelf to *Boileau*, but likewiſe prefers himſelf to that great and artful Poet. He might as well have comp r'd himſelf, and preferr'd himſelf, to *Alexander the Great*, becauſe he is call'd *Sawny*. But there are the following *trifling* Differences between that great *Frenchman*, and our little *Engliſh* Bard.

I. *Boileau* has as much or more of the Principles of good Writing in Poetry, than any *French* Poet whatever. The Principles of good Writing according to *Horace*, are good Senſe, Judgment, and Moral Philoſophy. *P.* has leſs of theſe good Qualities than any *Engliſh* Poet whatever; there being no ſuch Thing as Judgment or good Senſe to be found in his trifling Productions.

II. *Boileau* has a great deal of Art, as well as Genius; *P.* has neither Art nor Genius. Art is always the Effect of Judgment; and there never was a great Genius for Poetry, without great Judgment.

III. The

III. The Cenſures of *Boileau* are always juſt, and therefore his are juſt and legitimate Satires. The Cenſures of *P.* are unjuſt to the very Height of Impudence, and therefore *P*'s Invectives are malicious and infamous Libels.

IV. *Boileau* praiſes as many of the *French* Poets as he ſatirizes, and not only thoſe who died before he wrote, as *Marot*, *St. Gelais*, *Malherbe*, *Racan*, *Reigner*, but likewiſe his Contemporaries, as *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Moliere*, *La Fontaine*, *Segrais*, *Beaſerade*, and likewiſe the principal Writers of Proſe that liv'd in his Time, as the great Monſieur *Paſcall*, *Ablancourt*, *Patru*, and *La Bruyere*. But *Pope* never commended any of his Contemporaries, unleſs two or three contemptible Wretches in his own Cabal, but like an *Indian* that runs a Muck, endeavours to aſſaſſinate both Friend and Foe, 'till he meets with the *Indian*'s Fate.

V. *Boileau* ſpeaks always of himſelf, with Humility, Modeſty, and Diſcretion. *Pope* ſpeaks of himſelf with the utmoſt Pride and Folly, and arrogant Impudence.

VI. *Boileau* has generouſly commended an Author that was very poor, as *Patru*, who was a fine, though unfortunate Genius. Nay, he not only generouſly commended that Author, ſo far celebrated for the Delicacy of his Writings, but acted by him more generouſly than he ſpoke. And when he was reduced by

by the Cruelty of his Creditors, to part with his choice Library, which he had been ſo long in collecting; *Boileau* moſt honourably laid down the Price of it, and gave *Patru* the Enjoyment of it, for the reſt of his Life. But neither the Action nor the Commendation is in *Pope's* little and ſordid Soul, or his envious, malicious, and inſolent Nature.

VII. *Boileau* has Numbers, *Pope* has none. The *Pegaſus* of *Boileau* has all its Paces: The *Pegaſus* of *Pope*, like a *Kentiſh* Poſt-Horſe, is always upon the *Canterbury*, as has been obſerv'd formerly.

VIII. *Boileau* allows thoſe whom he ſatirizes to have their Merit, and their good Qualities, and had more of the Gentleman as well as the fine Writer in him, than to call them either Dunces, or Blockheads, or Fools. Such Language becomes none but the Boors and Clowns of *Parnaſſus*; and therefore neither *Quinaut*, nor *St. Amant*, nor *Brebeuf*, nor *Scudery*, nor *Chapelain* had any ſuch from him, nor any other Writer whom he has attack'd in his Satires.

The following Paſſage in one of his Prefaces is a convincing Proof of this.

'I ſhall content myſelf with putting the 'Reader in Mind of one thing, which 'tis 'convenient he ſhould know; which is, that, 'by attacking in my Satires, the Defects of ma-'ny of the Writers of the Age in which 'we live, I never pretended by doing that, to

'deprive

'deprive theſe Writers of the Merit and the 'good Qualities which they may otherwiſe 'have. I never pretended, I ſay, that *Chapelain*, tho' a wretched Poet enough, did not 'formerly write, I know not by what means, 'an Ode that was not contemptible, and that 'there was neither Wit nor Agreeableneſs 'in the Works of Monſieur *Quinaut*, tho' 'very far remov'd from the Perfection of *Virgil*. I am oblig'd to add concerning the 'latter, that at the Time in which I wrote 'againſt him we were both very young, and 'that he afterwards publiſh'd ſeveral Works, 'which got him juſt Reputation. I am likewiſe ready to own, that there is Genius in 'the Writings of *St. Amant*, of *Brebeuf*, of '*Scudery*, and of ſeveral others, whom I have 'criticiz'd, and who, as well as myſelf, richly 'deſerve to be criticiz'd. In a Word, with 'the ſame Sincerity with which I have rallied 'them for their Defects, I am willing to 'allow whatever they may have that is excellent. And thus, I hope, I have done them 'Juſtice, and have convinc'd the Reader, that 'it was not a Spirit of Envy or Calumny that 'caus'd me to write againſt them.

IX. *Boileau* has not made ſcandalous Reflections upon the Lives of innocent Perſons, as *P.* has done, which the ingenious and ſagacious Author of *Pope Alexander's Supremacy* has very juſtly obſerv'd.

X. *Boileau*

X. *Boileau* was plac'd, by his great Qualities, highly above thoſe whom he ſatiriz'd, whereas *P.* is many Degrees below ſeveral of thoſe whom he has libell'd; below *Philips* as a Writer of Paſtorals; below You as a Critick, an Editor, a modern Dramatick Poet, or a Tranſlator of ancient Poetry. For if your Tranſlation of *Æſchylus* is equal to the *Specimen* which I have ſeen of it, of which I make no doubt; it may make him bluſh for his Tranſlation of *Homer*. And if neither of you have had a Subſcription adequate to your Merits, 'tis becauſe in this wiſe and judicious Age, the Age of *Opera's*, of *Beggars Opera's*, of *Dunciads*, and *Hurlothrumbo's*, 'tis not in the Nature of Things at preſent, and conſequently an Impoſſibility, that any Author can have a generous Subſcription to a Work that highly deſerves it.

FINIS.